

The Sons of the *Tyne's* *K* *4*

GARLAND,

Composed of six excellent

NEW SONGS. *40*

- I. A new Song call'd the Sons of the *Tyne*.
- II. The North Country Lads.
- III. The Flower of the Forest, the old way
- IV. The Flower of the Forest, the new way
- V. The Maiden's Courtship.
- VI. *Wilkes's* Riggle.



Licensed and enter'd according to Order.

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The SONS of the Tyne's GARLAND.

The Sons of the Tyne.

ATTEND to our summons, ye *British* Electors
'Tis Freedom announces your instant Support
Nor longer your confidence place in Protectors,
Who pillage your Rights, and of Laws make a sport
Britannia demands, your Hearts and your Hands,
Away to assist her, the case is divine,
Come see
Freedom and Liberty
Nobly exerting the Sons of the Tyne.

'Twas Liberty gave us our Commerce and Treasure,
She taught us to cultivate Science and Mirth,
To patronize Learning and social Pleasure,
To lighten the Heart, and give Jollity birth:
Come, come *Britons* all, 'tis Liberty's call,
Away with all speed to her sacred shrine:
Come see
Freedom and Liberty
Nobly exerting the Sons of the Tyne.

With Freedom all Nations we hold in defiance,
The Glory of *Britain* o'er Earth she has hurl'd;
And Monarchs, despotic, now court our alliance,
The terror of States, and the pride of the World
Long, long on our Isle, may Liberty smile,
And bless us with *Brunswick's* illustrious Line.
Come see
Freedom and Liberty
Nobly exerting the Sons of the Tyne.

Be happy, ye Fair Ones, whom Freedom has g'ven
 The virtue and Spirit her cause to maintain,
 Whose Raiment e'er vies with the Mantle of Heaven
 When *Phœbus*, unclouded, just starts from the Main
 To guard Love and Beauty, we make it our duty,
 To aid their Felicity, ever combine;

Come see

Daughters of Liberty

Greeting with rapture the Sons of the *Tyne*.



The North Country Lass.

THere was a fair Maiden, her Name it was *Gillian*,
 Her Manners were Sage, tho' her Carriage was free,
 You scarcely would meet such a Girl in a Million,
 Her Charms were the Pride of the North Country;
 All she said, came so Wittily,
 She danc'd with such Grace, and she chaunted so prettily,
 Nor Madames of *France*, nor Signiora's of *Italy*,
 Could Cope with this Lass of the North Country.

Rich Lords, and fine Gentlemen, crowded to woo her,
 Each begging her most Humble Servant to be,
 Some brought Coach and Horses, some proffer'd Gold to her
 Some Cloaths and fine Jewels most Splendid to see,
 But in vain, all their Brav'ry,
 She said flat and plain, that she saw thro' their Knav'ry,
 And rather would spend her whole Life-time in Slav'ry,
 Than bring such Disgrace on the North Country.

But going one Day to the Woods with young *Roger*,
 To gather sweet Posies for he, and for she,
 Sly *Cupid* observ'd them, a Comical Codger,
 And hid himself under a Sycamore Tree,
 Our he drew, from his Quiver,
 A Shaft that a Heart made of Marble would Shiver,
 He Shot—there was none a poor Maid to deliver,
 And wounded this Lass of the North Country.

Young

Young Roger determin'd his Mind to discover,
 Saluted fair *Gillian*, so Charming and free,
 Then begg'd her Consent in the Strain of a Lover,
 In Chaste Wedlock Bands, his Bride for to be,
 She agreed—Vows were plighted,
 And th y with Each other, were so well delighted
 That *Hymen* and *Cupid*, their Hearts both United,
 And blest the sweet Lads of the North Country.

FLOWER of the FOREST, *the Old Way.*

I Have seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I have felt all its Favours and sound its Decay
 Sweet is its Blessing, and kind its caressing,
 But now it is fled, fled, fled far away.

I have seen the Forest adorned the foremost,
 With Flowers of the fairest most pleasant & gay
 So bonny was their blooming their Scent the Air
 (perfuming,
 But now they are withered, and gone all away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adoring,
 And loud Tempest storming before middle day,
 I have seen *Tweed's* silver Streams, shining in
 (their sunny Beams,
 Grown drummy and dark, as he roll'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune, why thus cruel spoiling,
 Why thus perplexing poor Sons in a Day?
 No more thy Frowns can fear me,
 No more thy Smiles can chear me,
 Since the Flowers of the Forest is all wed away.

The



The FLOWER of the FOREST
the New Way.

A DIEU ye Streams that smoothly glide,
In mazy Windings through the Plain:
I'll in some lonely Cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful Swain.

Flower of the Forest was my Love,
Soft as the sighing Summer's Gale,
Gentle and constant as the Dove,
Blooming as Roses in the Vale.

Alas! my Love on *Tweed* did stray,
For me he search'd the Banks around;
But ah, the sad, the fatal Day!
My Love the Pride of Swains, was drown'd.

Now drops the Willow o'er the Stream;
Pale walks his Ghost through yonder Grove;
Dire Fancy paints him in my Dream:
Awake, I pine with hopeleß Love.



The Maidens Courtship.

Young Johnny came to pretty Nancy by Night
He call'd her his Jewel his Joy and Delight,
You promis'd me Marriage this six Months ago,
Young Man will you stand to your Promise or no.

If I promised you Marriage it was a Mistake,
For I am resolv'd a Wife not to take,
For Women are oftentimes given to scold,
They'll make a Man wither'd before he grows old,
She

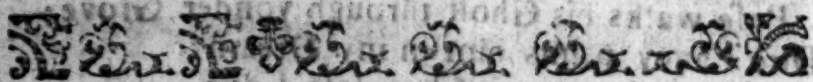
She says my dear Johnny all are not alike,
And if you be willing this bargain to strike,
I'll be as kind, Love, as Woman can be
And do my Endeavours to labour with thee.

And if my dear Johnny should meet with a Friend,
And go to the Alehouse one Sixpence to spend
I'll never come nigh thee as I am here,
Nor never controul what says thou my dear.

I've got neither Breeches or Coat for to wear,
Besides Wife and Children 'tis all my fear;
Therefore this folly I'd have you refrain,
For I am not able a Charge to maintain.

She said my dear Johnny I've got a fine thing,
With forty good Shillings besides a gold Ring;
And if you'll be willing this March to promote,
I'll make thee a pair of Breeches of my old Peticoat.

He said my dear Nancy since you say so,
I pray thee my dear to Church let us go;
O then to the Church they both did repair,
In joy peace and plenty they live as we hear.



WILKES'S *Riggle.*

LAST Week I ramble'd to the Strand
To have a roling shine O,
A Damsel then did seize my Hand,
Ali dress'd so neat and fine O;
My Hand she press'd my Lips she kiss'd,
So cunningly did wheedle;
My Dear, said she, come go with me,
And I'll give you WILKES' Riggle.

Then

Then she took me up to the Ken,
 And I called for a Bottle,
 Her Mistress quickly brought it in,
 I made the Glasses rattle,
 I flash'd my clay and so Moll fly,
 Did smile and tip the Giggle
 I'm sure I can please any Man,
 With WILKES'S pleasant Riggle.

My Girl and I then fell to Work,
 We row'd it both together
 And at every move and every jerk
 She call'd out WILKES for ever:
 See here's a Skin that's found within
 You see I want no Doctor,
 Then tip the giggle with Wilkes' riggle
 And hollowed out no Proctor.

Of all the riggles then said I,
 I ne'er knew such another,
 My dear, said she, we'll come to it again,
 As soon as you do recover:
 With all my Heart I will not start,
 Said I, I've no objection,
 Then with each shove she cry'd my Love
 WILKES, and a free Election.

Then

Then gently down she put one Hand,
 The t'other was o'er my Shoulders,
 Now Liberty he soon shall stand
 And I'll back with him two Freeholders
 For I the County am you know
 And you do well content me,
 Therefore be true, for none but you,
 Shall ever represent me.

There's many Riggles as I have heard,
 Some people say there's twenty;
 There's Moggy's Riggle, and Boots its true
 Three Million Riggles is dainty,
 But WILKES' Riggle does beat them all
 The motion is so clever,
 For it makes your Eye squint with surprise
 So WILKES's Riggle for ever.

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